

# BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE to LOVERS

**THE GIRL WHO SEEKS COURTESY**

THE woman who goes around looking for courtesy so that you can see it in her eye seldom, if ever, finds it. She is usually an anemic, thin-looking creature on the look out for a slight from conductors or policemen while she is going through her catechism with them. It is hard to believe that any woman has the time to start out deliberately and stalk her prey, so to speak, but she does just the same. She fastens an eagle eye on the poor, long-suffering conductor and shoots rapid-fire inquiries at him. If he loses his patience and shows it on account of having a crowded car to look after or something else to attend to, she expresses her opinion loudly and through her nose. This kind of a creature is a horror, you say, and very uncommon! Oh, no, she isn't.

She is a poor thing who ought to have, and probably does have, plenty to do at home and doesn't do it. The energy she should spend on housecleaning is wasted on imaginary troubles and insults.

She is a very common product of the cheap conveniences of modern times. The patent things that enable suffering humanity to get through their work by half doing it just breed these restless women, who think they must be addressed in velvet tones by everybody and that all men must play Sir Walter Raleigh to their Queen Elizabeth.

It is an easy thing for a nervous woman to get herself cultivated into this kind of a thing, and it is to be fought against as we would fight against a dread disease.

The woman who receives admiration and attention from strangers—the right kind of attention, I mean—is the one who demurely and quietly minds her own business and never asks an unnecessary question.

She has the deference and respect shown to her that ought to be shown every right-minded woman in the common walks of life every day.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing to Betty Vincent. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY VINCENT, Evening World, Post-Office Box 151, New York.

## A Bad Case.

Dear Betty:

I LOVE a girl of different religion who returns my love with ardor. Her parents, as well as my parents, object to our marriage. It will break my mother's heart if I marry this girl. I know she will be ruined if I do not. Which shall I sacrifice?

—FRACTIONAL LOVER.

If you have money enough to support her marry her.

## She Was Ashamed.

Dear Betty:

I AM earning \$22 per week. I am deep in love with a young lady. We became engaged last December and have always been very affectionate toward each other. I have done everything I could to make her happy. She is a working girl and earns \$15 a week and has no one dependent upon her. She has always seemed to be happy and contented until a week ago, when she and a girl friend by chance passed a place where I was working. Now, my work is very dirty, but still it is typical of the place. The ladies noticed me. At the time I thought nothing of it, but that evening when I called upon her she acted very cold and distant. After persistent questioning on my part she told me that she was ashamed to have anyone see me the way I looked. Now, I do not think

## Summer Playlets—No. IV. COL. WATTERSON'S KENTUCKY PEACHES.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

Scene—A Harlem apartment without any gilt chairs, bird cages or photographs. Without even a dog, a growing impetuosity of mission furniture and Japanese prints in the midst of a roomful of adherents of all the latest fashions that make the hearts of the residing ladies.

THE MERE MAN—I fell in love thirty times to-day. The Scribe—What was the matter with the thirty-first?

The MERE MAN—There was none. I met the thirty Kentucky peachess—there are only thirty of 'em—and I was theirs.

The Scribe—Is that so? They're Col. Watterson's peachess, aren't they?

The MERE MAN (warily eyeing the door)—No; the Colonel has denied the impeachment, I believe.

The Scribe—If you do that again, I'll call for help!

The MERE MAN—Pardon me, I've worked like a dog for the last two weeks. That and the heat combined have gone to my head.

The Scribe—Say no more, I'll forgive you. But why should the Colonel deny the peachess? He ought to be proud of them. I wonder, if a New York girl is a peach, isn't a temperance crank that he once wrote an article in which he referred to champagne and Haddock. A woman induced him to eat some peaches of the brandied variety as a joke, and he repented to her in all innocence. "Mrs. Johnson, these are the finest brand peaches I ever ate."

The MERE MAN—These Kentucky peachess are not canned, I assure you. They're fresh, raw, whole-hearted, altogether different from the hot-house New York variety to which you belong. They grew in the air and the sunlight.

The Scribe—Not

"On the shady side of Broadway

Where all the bright lights glow,

—On the shady side of Broadway,

Where all the peachess grow."

But I didn't grow there, either.

The MERE MAN—We're talking about the Kentucky peachess—not about you. They still have the bloom on.

The Scribe—So you're one of those men that believe that the bloom can be rubbed off by sophistication, the cold world, all that sort of thing. Consider the real peach. What you call bloom is nothing more than a fuzzy skin that puts the teeth on edge and that has to be pared to make it palatable. The peach's real bloom, when it has any, goes all through it. You can't pare it away. So it is with ours when it's not merely of the surface but of the soul.

The MERE MAN—Very fine. What a memory you have for your own epigrams. I distinctly recall that you sprang that one on me one evening at Martin's three years ago.

The Scribe (smiling ominously)—Really? How good of you to remember it. Perhaps you recollect what some one else said: Women, like peachess, are sweetest just before they begin to decay.

The MERE MAN (Shuddering)—Ugh! Let's talk about something else.

## HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### Eye-brow Stain.

C. M. D.—Here is an eye-brow stain: Gum arabic, one dram; India ink, one-half dram; rose water, four ounces. Powder the ink and gum and triturate small quantities of the powder with the rose water until you get a uniform black liquid in a powder, and add the remainder of the rose water to it. It should be applied with a very thin camel's hair brush.

Shampoo for Dandruff. M. E. G.—Use this mixture for a shampoo to cure dandruff: Yolk of 1 egg, 1 pint of rain water (boiled), 1 ounce of rosemary spirits. Beat up the mixture thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head. Rinse in several waters.

### Tonic for White Hair.

M. R. E. H.—This tonic will not affect the color of your hair: Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, 1/2 dram; oil of rosemary, 1/2 dram. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

# THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



## BOARDWALK BALLADS.

No. 1—The Beach Humorist.

By T. O. McGILL.

HE sat upon the beach

And said:

"Why does the ocean moan

In such a plaintive tone,

When through its waves we go?

I'm led

To think the reason for its meaning is

'Cause we tread upon its under-toe."

He sat upon the beach

And said:

"Way does the tide run out?

I've guessed it, past all doubt.

I'm

To think the tide runs out because

It's scared

To see such awful shapes and costumes

Afloat."

He sat upon the beach

He sits no more.

Ten husky men have dragged him

From the shore

And put him fast asleep

In his sleep

There let him rest in peace to swell

The lists

Of happily defunct beach-humorists!

## Dominick the Head Waiter.

By T. O. McGILL.

THE people who really do a lot of good

With their money seldom get into the

newspapers, and of course my fellows,

who only have our acquaintance with the

newspapers, can't expect to know so very much

about the real good ones. The only

men we get to know are the Chicago

and Pittsburgh ones who come here to

make war medicine and get away from

the folks that 'used to know your

father at home."

"There are lots of rich men, how-

ever," we ventured, "who are always

ready to prevent mischievous men from

making free with our prosperity and

our comfort, and they are getting

stronger every day."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dominick

as he handed back our hat. "I want

to have a vacation next summer and

I don't want anything to happen in the

financial world."

"But I never heard much about them."

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